- Salt Lake Theatre—Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, "The Prince of Pilsen."
- Grand—This evening and through Wednesday evening, matinee on Wednesday, "The Chorus Girl;" Thursday evening and through balance of the week, "The Lighthouse Robbery."
- Orpheum—Vaudeville.
- Lyric—Vaudeville.

With all its success behind it—a durable one lasting for some years—the real bond of merit, Henry Savage will once more bring to the Salt Lake theatre Pixley & Luder's melodious comic opera, "The Prince of Pilsen." It will be offered for a brief season of three performances, starting Friday evening next. Its mellifluous score is too well known to discuss, and its quality too popular to predict for it anything else save continued success. In forming the present company Mr. Savage seems to have determined upon an entirely new cast, for none, save little Elinor Delmore, who plays the diminutive bellboy, Jimmie, have been retained. That the new company will be a splendid singing organization is evidenced in the engagement of Miss Reba Dale, for the tricky city widow; of Miss Octavia Broske, a fine coloratura voice, for the part of Edith, and the light tenor, William Weadon, for the lieutenant, and the splendid baritone, Edward Mora, for the Prince of Pilsen. Here is a quartette of exceptional merit. The comedy will by no means suffer in the hands of such sterling comedians as Dan Mason, the new Hans Wagner, and George Moore as the French concierge, Francois. Little Lillian Lawson, chic and Frenchy, will be the new Sidonie—the part once played by Jeannette Bagard. Miss Lawson's whirlwind dancing turn is well known in the high-class vaudeville theatres. The chorus contains many pretty girls, notably Peggy Ballou, Ethel Gordon, Estelle Le Burt, Lulu Carroll and the beautiful Helen Rockefeller, and is well up to the Savage idea in singing and dancing quality.

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"Robin Hood," by the Salt Lake Opera company, will follow the "Prince of Pilsen" at the Salt Lake theatre. The dates have been fixed for Sept. 11-14—four nights and a matinee. Musical people are anxious to again hear the melodious gems of this opera, and the Salt Lake Opera company will soon be on trial to show how they can present the popular work of DeKoven. The only introduced number is "The Gypsy Sweetheart," from "The Fortune Teller," which will be sung by Mr. Ensign.

Those who have been to the rehearsals promise a delightful production by the local people.

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The standard established last week at the Orpheum theatre is one of advanced vaudeville, and the management promises that not only will this standard be maintained, but will be improved upon as the season progresses. Indeed, it is said that during this season Orpheum patrons will have the privilege of seeing not only the best acts on the Orpheum circuit, but will see the best performers appearing on any stage.

Next Monday night, the fourth week of this season will begin with a high-grade bill. As headliners, America's greatest comedy acrobats, Frank Seymour and Emma Hill, will be seen in the "Mix of the Mixer." This act has won favor all along the line and the press notices give them unstinted praise.

Then comes World and Kingston, the dancing comedian and the singing soubrette. This team was here last year and the friends they made then will give them a warm welcome. It is claimed for Miss Kingston that she is a soubrette with a grand opera voice. She appears on the stage wearing a unique costume made from ostrich feathers collected by her during her trip around the world. In South Africa and Australia she visited many ostrich farms and secured some splendid specimens that have been carefully sewn together on a background of heavy silk, making a striking and original effect. Together with Mr. World, she presents a very diverting comedy sketch in vaudeville.

The Kinsons appear in a musical oddity entitled, "Going It Blind." Their press notices say they produce "great sounds that do not grate." Theirs is a musical turn that is very clever, one of them playing real instruments, while the other imitates nearly every kind of music with his mouth and nostrils.

Next on the program is the Five Musical Byrons, instrumentalists. This number is said to possess much merit, as each of the artists is a performer of high degree.

Belleclaire Brothers, exponents of physical culture, appear in an act that is little short of remarkable, in that it shows what marvelous things the human body can be made to do, when physically trained.

Professor Wise appears as a crayon artist, and has a very instructive and pleasing act.

The kinodrome with new pictures and Professor Weihe and the Orpheum orchestra in modern selections complete the bill.

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Few melodramas of the last few seasons have won so great a measure of success as "The Chorus Girl," which will be seen at the Grand theatre four nights and Wednesday matinee, starting this evening. The work is said to possess many lasting and pleasing qualities which are bound to insure for the play a long life before the amusement-loving public. Miss Della Pringle, who heads the cast in the character of Twister, the Chorus Girl, is a finished artist in every respect, and her work is of such a high-class order that she has firmly established herself in the hearts of the theatre-goers wherever she has appeared in the part. She is not only clever in this particular character of the chorus girl, but the specialties she introduces are away from the beaten path and out of the ordinary.

Special care and stage management has been given the play, that it may have the proper and necessary atmosphere so essential to a successful production, and the management feels that the presentation is practically a perfect one, but taken all in all, there is so much that is pleasing and good in "The Chorus Girl" that no one wonders at the success the piece has attained. Everyone who appreciates the good that the theatre can do will appreciate the play, for it is clean and wholesome throughout; its atmosphere is refreshing, and there is nothing suggestive in the story that it unfolds. Its humor is crisp and quaint, and its ragged epigrams are delightful and the bits of homely philosophy are long remembered by those who hear them.

During the action of the play specialties will be introduced by different members of the company, including Miss Della Pringle, Claude Kelley, Ed Bellville, Fred Stephens and Miss Laura Laird. "The Chorus Girl" will hold the boards at the Grand theatre four nights and Wednesday matinee, starting this evening.

Commencing Thursday evening, and continuing the balance of the week, with a bargain matinee on Saturday afternoon, the sensational melodramatic success, "The Lighthouse Robbery," will receive its initial local presentation. "The Lighthouse Robbery" is said to be one of those tensely interesting dramas of "sea folk" and sea life, of which there are so few on the American stage today, but which have been so successful whenever produced.

"A Maker of Men."

The theatrical vogue of Alfred Sutro, started through the success of "The Walls of Jericho," promises to spread in another unusual direction—that of vaudeville. It is now proposed to present his one-act play, "A Maker of Men," in the vaudeville theatres this season. The play—for it is really a play, although the time consumed in its presentation is but twenty-five minutes—is a strong one and contains for its principal female character a somewhat unusual "speech." This "speech" relates to woman's real place in the world, as "a maker of men," from which the play derives its title.

Contrasted to the female character is that of the male, which also has attractive possibilities, and the author brings out to a strong climax the philosophic conclusion that, after all, a man and his wife may make the world what they choose, and that solely through their home life. Although there are but two people in the drama, and there is nothing sensational in the "action," it is of commanding interest throughout, and was well received when George Alexander produced it in London and later when Margaret Illington played it as a curtain raiser in New York.

The famous Beauty Chorus in the "Prince of Pilsen." In this gathering will be found the most admired of all the sweeter Broadway "picture and show" girls.

Theatrical Season Opens in New York

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

New York, Aug. 30.—The outset week of the theatrical season in Broadway brings out a new farce with a familiar comedian, a melodrama of western life, a musical play of girls, and an "advanced vaudeville" show. None of these is a lifter of stage art, nor is any one a lowerer, and all are excellent diversion, each in its way. Higher expressions of drama will come along soon. Meanwhile, I will tell you about the saliencies in the four entertainments.

The hilarious farce, "When Knights Were Bold," is amazingly similar to "The Road to Yesterday," the humorously romantic drama. In each the first act is in a restored old English castle, where tapestries and armor incite a girl to romanticism. She talks about the prosiness of the present in contrast with the poesy of the past, and disdains her fiance because he is an everyday Englishman of now, quite unlike a gallant knight of then. The middle portion of both plays consists of a dream, during which the characters are set back several centuries, and all save the dreamer use the speech, manners and costumes of mediaeval England. A final act wakens the dreamer and readjusts the broken betrothal. "The Road to Yesterday," was produced in New York and "When Knights Were Bold," in London simultaneously. Now, Mrs. Sutherland and Miss Dix were in London when they wrote the one play, and Mrs. Jay, who wrote the other under a masculine pen name, is a Londoner; so the three women may have been loose-tongued about their compositions; yet no charge of plagiarism is made by any of them, and so we must believe that the resemblance in theme and scheme is a matter of chance. Think of this case, you authors who are so quick to cry "Thief" when you see other authors with fiction like your own.

Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold," gives first of all a study in influenza. He comes in wet and chilled from a day's hunting. Did you ever hear an actor give a good imitation of a sneeze? Wilson can't. The dramatic schools teach their pupils to laugh when they don't feel so. They ought to practice them at sneezing when their noses don't tickle. Wilson enacts a lordling who isn't lordly, and has a cold in the head that helps to make his hoity-toity sweetheart disdain his commonplace ways. She demands that he behave as his ancestors did hundreds of years ago. He won't try to. So the unromantic sneeze ought to be a convincing sneeze. The rest of Wilson's influenza is quite correct, and he takes so much hot whisky for it that he goes to sleep boozy, to dream that his time is set back four centuries. The members of his house party, especially a rich Jew, an assertive Irishman and an unctuous bishop, who conspire to get his sweetheart away from him, reappear in his vision under long obsolete conditions—the Jew as a tortured heretic whose life the bishop demands, the Irishman as a stalwart foe in love and war—and, knowing Wilson as you do, you may imagine how ludicrous he is in a burlesque of chivalry. A friend next me, who had seen the play in London, said that Wilson was funnier in the part than a James Welch had been over there. The climax of his dream, the putting on of a too big suit of armor, to fight a knight towering above him, and his throwing of it off to vanquish his antagonist in a modern wrestling bout, is thoroughly Wilsonian in pantomimic clowning. When he wakes, his guests find him rolling and tumbling on the floor in conflict with an empty set of armor that has stood in a corner of his room.

The native melodrama of the week is one of cowboys and Indians. We have had so many hundreds of them, from "Arizona" to "The Squaw Man," at high prices, and from "Buffalo Bill" to "The King of the Buffaloes," at low prices, that it wouldn't seem as though any kind of an audience would stand one more without rioting in revolt. Yet along comes "The Round-Up," and two-dollar people fill next to the largest parquet in Broadway not only, but on the opening night they helped the gallery to make as much noise—if not as loud—over a gunpowder scene as had been made on the stage during the act of especial turbulence. The pandemoniac facilities were with the actors, because they had a machine gun to fire fusillades, while the spectators could but yell and clap hands. The author, like many another, wrote out directions for a realistic battle between Indians and United States troopers; but, in his extremely exceptional case, enough money has been used for rare stagecraft to show all that his imagination conjured up. The curtain's rise exposes a place of high rocks and deep chasms. From away up at one side, thirty horse-backed Indians, who seem like a hundred as they ride their bronchos along a pathway zigzagging down the face of a precipice, cross the bottom of a gorge and pass out of sight among the boulders. Presently, their scouts perceive and fire on two white men in this death valley. The whites defend themselves bravely, but the reds outnumber them, and they seem sure of destruction, when soldiers appear on the cliff, and a battle, with a picture of carnage at the end of it, is the most rousing achievement in martial make-believe that I have ever seen. That is putting praise pretty strong. But the most money buys the best art, if judiciously expended, and in this case, no matter how many thousands of dollars have been lavished, not one has been wasted.

Have I no praise for the author of "The Round-Up?" Surely, yes. And it doesn't matter that he is only Edmund Day, hitherto merely a maker of sketches for his own use in vaudeville. If he had not written two acts to engross the audience in the men whom the Indians and the troopers fight over, that third act of great ado on the stage would amount to nothing in the auditorium. A gatling gun can't shoot emotion into the hearts of people intent on getting their money's worth and their time's worth. It would be all night with Day, and no bright dawn of royalties, if he didn't tell a throbbing love story. And that might not win out if he didn't blend it with a-plenty of humor. Nothing that I know of is less readable than the plot of a play. Yet I must tell you that the two white men whom the Indians would massacre, if the soldiers didn't stop them, are lovers of one girl; and that the winner of her goes to the bad lands to find the loser, and give her up to him; that the circumstances are such as make even a sophisticated audience wipe its eyes for both fellows. Day's luck equals his talent, and both are good. Yet as likely as not he isn't quite satisfied; for he has acted a rough but not tough border sheriff in his vaudeville sketches, and, now that he has written him into a long drama, it is Maclyn Arbuckle who personates him winningly.

More girls are kissed more times in this week's new farce of tuned antics, "The Dairy Maids," than in any other play that I remember. The kissees are milkmaids on an English farm, and the kissers are visitors from the British navy. The girls bring milk in pails hanging from yokes across their shoulders, skim off the cream into pans, churn it into butter, work that into pats, and pack the pats into pots, all in an hour, and they are interrupted a lot at that. No such celerity of process is possible in American farming, but this is in England, as a bit of punning dialogue, such as hasn't been risked in America these many years, gives proof. It wafted my memory back to the time when one of the proud sisters in the extravaganza of "Cinderella" used to say to the drudge of the cinders, when she hesitated to clean a pair of kid shoes for the ball: "Does the kid shoose to disobey me?" I don't know why, but that has stuck in my recollection as the worst (therefore the best) that I have heard in stage punning. Gilbert, in his librettos for Sullivan's music, limited himself to a single pun in each play. In "Pinafore," you remember, he made Ralph Rackstraw say, "I have no birth to recommend me," and Dick Deadeye responded, "Pshaw! You have a berth aboard this very ship." But those Gilbertian puns, along with the "kid shoose" one, are wiped from the tablets of my mind by the positively worst-best in "The Dairy Maids." An amorous fellow hugs a girl who is working a churn, and she turns away in anger.

"Oh, do not," he pleads, "churn your back on me!"

The humor of "The Dairy Maids" is left English, except for some local allusions in topical songs, and such American actresses as Julia Sanderson and Bessie De Voie seem to breathe in English atmosphere, to emit it with an agreeably slight English accent. These young women and a ballet dance in the London stage fashion of agile strength hidden in supple grace. This is a show of selected girls. A London pet comedian, Huntley Wright, has been brought over, but New York declines to laugh at him, although he does a lot of ingeniously new things—like this: He goes gunning for birds. A pair of big wings flutter above a hedge. He fires. The wings are blown to bits. Not the body of a bird falls, however, but instead the head of a girl, whose winged hat has been desstroyed, rises into view, from where she has been spooning behind the hedge.

The better half of "The Dairy Maids" is not while the maids are at a dairy, but when they are pupils at a boarding school. They wear natty white frocks, with hems level with the knees, and white stockings below. They go through their exercises demurely until their teacher quits. Then they get frisky. Their antic disposition becomes violent when three new pupils are exposed as young men in skirts. The girls fight the interlopers with pillows, but make peace, although outnumbering the men forty to three. Then come songs and dances, between which the comedians tumble downstairs, and have mishaps with punching bags, fencing swords and other apparatus, while the girls change their costumes several times, at last getting into nightgowns. One of the new things set to music is a song about girls chased by "A soldier and a sailor, a tinker and a tailor, a merchant, a parson and a thief," each of those being paired with a reluctant maiden in the action. In another ditty a soubrette leads a saucy bevy with the catch-line, "Hey, little stranger!" One verse tells how there are no more youths, as boys become little men with no adolescent period; a second describes a similar feminine jump from infancy to bachelor-girlhood; and a third is directed at an imaginary fellow in the audience, whom the soubrette sadly misses at first, but espies gladly, and greets merrily with: "Hey, little stranger!" I infer that the singling out of one man to sing to has been exported to London. But it comes back in a quite polite form. The "little stranger" whom the actress greets rapturously is located by her in the center aisle, where there isn't anybody.

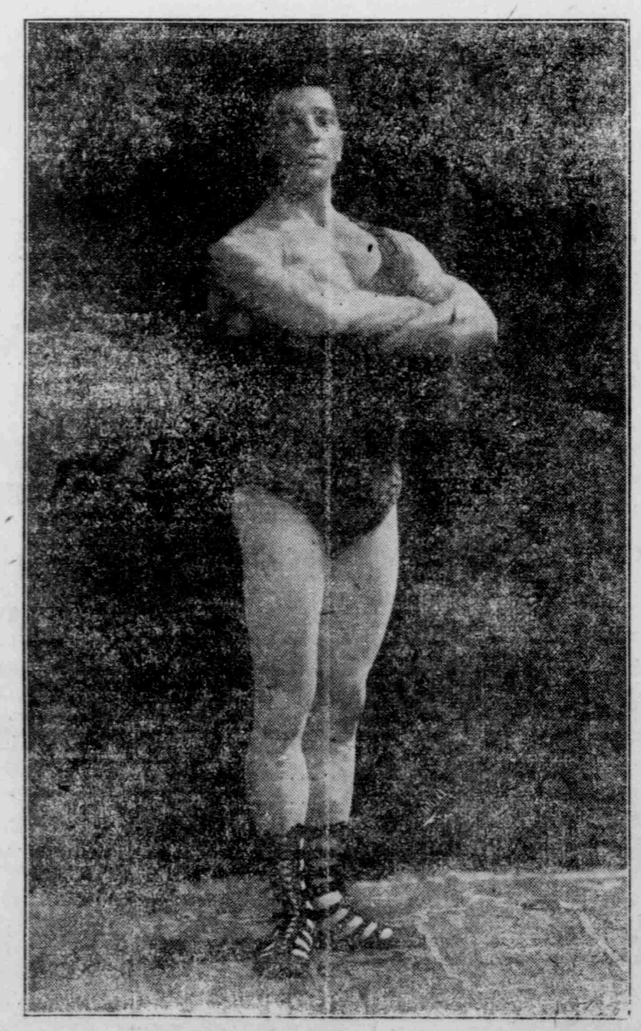
A brand new trick is played. A dancing girl flings her arms and legs wildly in the spotlight for five seconds and disappears. Onto the dimmed stage come four trios of similarly costumed figures, who dance at first as the soloist did; but their feats become wildly impossible, and at length we see that each set consists of a live one in the middle with a dummy at either side.

There is no deceit about the new song that is pictorially all alive with what, technically, are called show girls—the tall and straight creatures who began a vogue in "Florodora," and have reappeared in play after play until eyes and ears are weary of the Gibson girl. The new eight are Sandow girls. They have the Gibson outline, but their drawing room gowns are off, and they come into the gymnasium in trailing white underskirts, and what, I guess, are corset covers. I am sure that there are no sleeves, and that their shoulder straps slip down, while they exercise with small dumbbells, and sing the obvious fact that they are "smooth and slim and supple;" also, that they have gone over from Gibson to Sandow. They declare their ability to make knock-out hits with fists as well as sentimentally, and some of them succeed in flexing their biceps sufficiently to affect the contour of their soft arms. So the newest show girls are Sandow girls. Next?

What is "advanced vaudeville?" To judge by the way in which it opens the most spacious theatre in Broadway, it will separate vaudeville from drama, for one thing, instead of bringing them together, the program containing no transfers from the legitimate stage. For another thing, the intention manifest in the initial entertainment is to be cosmopolitan. For a third thing, this bill for the New York start is, I should say, unprecedented in cost. Every "act" is such as usually would be the "headliner" or "extra number" of a bill. A summary will explain my meaning. From Germany are brought the Acrobatic Bakers, whose tumbling is peculiarized by adeptness in pantomimic clowning. The draft from France consists of Desrouches, Blanca and two dogs. Blanca is a reckless voluptuary, if you are to believe what she sings in French to Desrouches; and he is a phenomenon of ardent reciprocity, his heart becoming incandescent through electrical device; then his cheeks glow, his nose reddens, his ears brighten, and finally his head is a jack-o'-lantern of effulgent love. Next, two dogs, dressed like the man and the woman, toddle in on their hind legs, and accompany their master and mistress through the action of songs and dialogues.

The importation from England is a pantomime company of men and women, and their play is a burlesque of London firemen. A fire station's crew includes a Daniel Lambert and a Tom Thumb for contrast in sizes, with funny fellows between. The travesty makes Captain Shaw's famous fire-fighters slow and lazy; there is a deal of knockabout clowning; and, in the last of three scenes, the utmost lassitude attends the saving of an ugly woman from a burning house. The best chance offered to her is a drop into a blanket, in which she is tossed rudely. But when a pretty girl appears at another window, the firemen fight fiercely for the pleasure of carrying her down a ladder.

The drafts from Russia and Spain are of dancing men and women, who do a little singing, too. The Russians' dances resemble those of the Poles, the women as well as the men wearing boots and being gymnastic with whirls, leaps, squats and swift runs. The Spaniards are a dozen young women with several men to help them in their expositions of Andalusian grace. The Russians' boots may have made paths in snow, for all the warmth that the wearers indicate; but the Spaniards' slippers tiptoe over the fires of passion. There are several senoritas who make voluptuous Carmen sights, pulpy rather, and suggestive of grease, not to say garlic; but there is one sinuous creature—even serpentine in her seemingly soft-ribbed, elastic-spined, wriggle-jointed contortions—who may take a blue ribbon from me for saying improper things with all of her anatomy except her tongue. All these foreigners come high, and, with George Fuller Golden and George Evans for two of the four American things in the show, this "advanced vaudeville" costs more than any dramatic entertainment in town.



One of the Belle Clair Brothers at the Orpheum This Week.

THIRSTY DAN.

Continued from Page 1.

shore leave one night and I guess I got loaded. Anyway the next thing I knew after I got a crack over the nut they told me the old Concord hed up and sailed on the eighth of January. That's right—at Manila?—no, certainly I warn't at Manila. 'Twas kinder tough job living in 'Frisco, so I reckoned as how you fellers 'd be sort 'er glad to see me back. So I came. But—snakes—how'd I know yer wus going to celebrate me?"

The crowd was very still when he had finished his story.

"Well, at any rate, we can go on and celebrate Dewey"—Spelman broke the silence. Sam was of a cheerful disposition.

"Dewey be ——," said Cottrell, and again there was a shamefaced silence. This was the sentiment of all.

And then there came through the rare stillness of the night a loud report and a fizzing, rushing sound. The crowd hurried to the door just in time to see a shower of golden sparks dropping behind the crest of San Jago mountain—then rocket after rocket. Suddenly a wild column of fire shot up against the sky.

The southwest breeze brought down scattered sounds of singing.

Then before the citizens of Los Garpillos could recover from their surprise the crash of a military band broke on the night and the tune it played was "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Outlined against the flames on San Jago mountain, black figures were prancing wildly. Slowly Los Garpillos realized the situation. The San Jargons had stolen their celebration.

Pete Watkins looked at "Lone Hand" Piker.

"Lone Hand" Piker looked at Si Cottrell.

Logan MacDonald looked at Sam Spelman.

Sam Spelman looked at "Cousin Morman Joe" Brigham. Then they all nodded.

"Thirsty Dan" apparently scented danger in the situation, for he moved uneasily toward the protecting cover of the saloon piazza.

The six men gathered together, and their hands sought their hip pockets simultaneously.

"Git," yelled Pete Watkins, as he raised his right arm, with something in his hand.

And Daniel Webster Togler did not wait for another syllable.